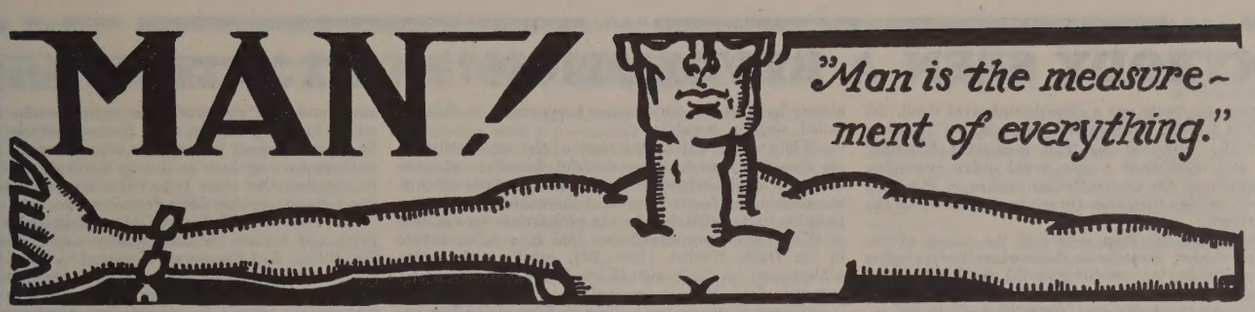
MAN!



"Man is the measure-ment of everything."

If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought—Let It Crack—WENDELL PHILLIPS

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WHAT MANKIND COULD DO AGAINST A NEW WAR

Czechoslovakia surrendered to the demands of Adolph Hitler, but not out of her own accord. It was the betrayal of her three allied "democracies"—England, France and Russia—that turned the trick. Thus the same "democracies" had heretofore betrayed Ethiopia to Italy, Spain to Italy and Germany, and China to Japan.

The spectacular manner in which Neville Chamberlain flew to secretly confab with Adolph Hitler was only meant as an attempt to cover up the betrayal that followed. Presumably it was in order to stave off a world war. In reality, it was the granting of everything that Nazism may want—*as long as it won't touch any holdings of British Imperialism.* Exactly the same was done with Fascism's conquest of Ethiopia.

No one need therefore be fooled any longer. It is not at all the question of whether "peace" will be bought off from the Hitlers for another ten years or less. England, France and Russia will allow fascism and nazism to grab hold of anything they wish—*as long as it will not be part of their territory.*

What is really of importance now is to raise the issue as to whom do the spokesmen of every government, fascist or nazist, democratic or republican or socialist, truly represent when they gather behind the secret chambers, bartering away the well being of millions of human beings, as well as jeopardizing the very lives of entire nations?

Do the ruling diplomats of the world represent the people in whose name they assume to be speaking?

Yes and no must be the answer.

The fact cannot be overlooked that it is the people who allow the Chamberlains and the Hitlers, the Daladiers and the Mussolinis—not only to act in their names in matters of war and peace, but likewise submit to the kind of economic regimes that are decreed for them by the present capitalist system, via the protection of their governments.

With every government of the world engaged in the most feverish war preparations in modern history, we are no more safe from being plunged suddenly into a new world war than we were in 1914.

Superficially it may appear that the people have no direct responsibility in the world-wide war preparations that we are witnessing. In reality, the responsibility rests more with the people than with their supposed governmental spokesmen.

It is the people who are engaged in the production of arms and ammunition. It is the people who cart these materials of destruction to the armory arsenals and thence to the battlefields. And it is the people who become the robot-like agents of destruction, as soldiers.

Equally indefensible is the fact that practically every one that takes up arms in order to kill and maim, has never met in life, their intended victims. Never quarelled, never even heard of each other's existence.

In the ordinary course of life when one human being kills another human being, it is always called murder, despite every personal reason that may be advanced. But what is one to term the killing of hundreds or thousands of fellow human beings without even the least personal motive as a justification?

The war mongers preach to soldiers-would be-murderers about "duty", "national honor", "patriotism" and similar shibboleths. *But what honorable duty can there be to one's country and to one's patriotism that demands the murdering of human beings one has never met?*

And who is it that creates this poison-state-of-mind in the soldier?

First of all it is the very institution of Government. The standing army of every Government raises nothing else but hatred and the readiness to kill—within the hearts and minds of its soldiers.

Every school serves as an auxiliary for innoculating the innocent child with that sort of ignorance and false pride that goes to make up the automaton soldier who knows how to obey blindly, but not at all to think and question the reasons why.

Every institution of worship furthers the superstition and ignorance needed for imbibing one to be and remain a soldier.

Every powerful newspaper and magazine serves to complete the necessary build up of false pride that is the chief attraction for one in wanting to be a soldier.

But whose interests have the Government, Church and Press at heart when aiding to build up the soldier spirit?

The answer is to be found in the statistical reports of the economical status of every country.*

These statistical figures reveal in full what lies behind the phrases of "duty", "patriotism", and "national honor".

It is the exploiting class of this or any country, who are the sole ones that have any need and derive the sole benefits of every standing army. For every army is but an instrument used for the protection of commercial exploiting investments in foreign lands, as well as safeguarding the exploitation of the multitudes in each respective country.

No government in the world's history has ever entered a war for ulterior motives. Always it has been for the sake of "protecting property rights", which in turn implies: the right to exploit and amass fortunes from the sweat and toil of oppressed peoples in other lands.

Yet, no war could ever take place if the people of those countries involved would not allow themselves to be misled and turned into cannon fodder as well as soldier-murderers.

* * *

Since Governments, Church, Press and Capitalism are the chief culprits that cause and benefit from any war—why then does mankind continue to tolerate these fraudulent and death-dealing institutions?

Mankind has been living for ages in fear. It still does. Out of fear evolved the false belief in worshipping an unseen "almighty in heaven" and allowing the enthronement of almighties right here on earth.

We shall have wars as long as we have not realized the need of discarding the institution of Government —which is the basic foundation for the carrying on of any war.

Likewise, we shall have the present system of exploitation as long as we have Governments, whose chief function is to protect and to perpetuate the profit system.

"But —without government—people would be at each other's throat!" Thus speak the misled people, not realizing that the very institution of Government was founded for, and works day and night in perfecting the very machinery of its army for the sole purpose of cutting each other's throat *en masse*—between nations—under the deceitful cloaks of "duty", national honor", and "patriotism".

Mankind stands today aghast and in fright before such monsters as Hitler and Mussolini, failing to realize that the Chamberlains and Daladiers, the Stalins and Roosevelts are representing systems that have likewise huge armies, equally as ready to jeopardize the lives of millions of human beings.

What makes the plight of mankind more critical is the chaos which the so-called "vanguards" of the oppressed, from the loud-mouthed communists to the ordinary trade union officials, have brought about by their turning into recruiting agents for the "so-called" democracies".

In the last world war the treachery of marxism's representatives and that of trade unionism came soon as the war broke out. Today the betrayal is being enacted long before any world war has come about!

The 1914 betrayal was carried out under the cloak of "making the world safe for democracy." This time it is hidden under the cloak of "collective security against the aggressor".

A war against Germany and Italy would most likely harm Hitler and Mussolini (personally) as little as it did the Kaiser or Lloyd George . . . But it certainly will kill off millions of Germans and Italians!

The oppressed and exploited masses of the world have no more justification in going out on the battlefields under the orders of the Chamberlains and Daladiers, Stalins and Roosevelts to murder German and Italian fellow human beings than have the people of the two named countries to kill them.

A new world war can but end in one thing: *the strengthening of the hold that the invisible powers behind every Government wield over suffering mankind.*

The catastrophe of a new world war faces mankind today more so than ever before, despite any secret deals that the Chamberlains and Hitlers may concoct, and which will result in but temporary truces.

* * *

Who then can prevent a new world war from engulfing mankind?

Only the masses in every part of the world can prevent a new world carnage.

But before this prevention can be assured, humanity will have to realize the need of discarding its own triple-headed created monster Frankenstein: Government, Church and Capitalism.

Born out of fear, superstition and greed, this three-headed monster Frankenstein under which mankind has been suffering for ages past, must first be discarded for good.

It is only when mankind casts away its fear, superstition and greed, that it will be able to replace these evils by a newly reborn spirit of courage, knowledge and cooperation between man and fellow-man.

Nature in all its glory and bounty that it holds in store for man, waits for man to realize his opportunities. And when mankind becomes mature enough in mind and courageous in deeds as well—a true civilization shall at last replace the present disillusioned one.

Before this glorious dawn comes about, a Social Revolution will have to take place. And the paths that can lead to such a revolution lies in mankind's realization of the imperative need of refusing to fight in any kind of a war and to work against the present system's 'peace' that we are subjected to.

We are against all capitalist wars.

We are against the present capitalist peace.

We are for the Social Revolution.

*As a point of illustration, the recent report of the Income Tax Buro of the National Treasury (U.S.) for 1936, will serve the purpose.

In 1935 there were 41 persons whose annual income was one million dollars or more. In 1936, the number had increased to 61. In 1935 there was but one personal income of more than $4,000,000 a year. In 1936, the number had increased to four. In 1935 there were two personal incomes of two to three millions. In 1936, this number had increased to 14. More than $86,000,000 was the total net income of 61 persons that had more than a million dollars each. Thus, one per cent of the population owns 60% of the nation's wealth.

As a contrast to the figures just given depicting the well-being of the wealthy, we take a glance at the report of the National Resources Committee on income distribution for 1935-1936.

One third of all the families in the U.S. received less than $500 a year. 42 per cent received less than $1,000 a year. 65 per cent less than $1,500 and 78 per cent less than $2,500.

If the total income of $50,000,000,000 for the year, would have been equally distributed, each family would have received $1,622.

THE RECKONING

Militarism, as represented today in its extreme form by the ruling class of Germany, is the greatest enemy of the libertarian revolutionary movement. But this militarism cannot be destroyed by defending the "higher civilization" of the exploiters of other countries. It cannot be destroyed from without by another militarism. The destruction must come from within, by the German people themselves. The race that went through the great uprisings of oppressed peasants; who founded the international order of the Illuminates; who greeted with enthusiasm the Fall of the Bastile; whose greatest thinkers gathered in the International Republic of Letters; who saw the movement of Jung Deutchland; whose men proclaimed the Republic in 1848, and who witnessed the formation of the Jungest Deutchland,—this race will also throw off the yoke of militarism. From within, not by militarism from without.

What's to be done? Comrades in distress, in this hour of great mental suffering, it behooves us to keep the oriflamme of International Brotherhood unfurled. Let us keep our mental vision riveted on our goal: the destruction of the exploitation of mankind and the establishment of a free society.

We cannot become dupes of the idea of "higher civilization." We cannot become partisans of this or that group of exploiters, this or that group of civilized barbarians. We appreciate beauty of language, we enjoy artistic expression, we admire intellectual activity wherever we find them; but we cannot recognize nationalistic chauvinism.

We know only Comrades.

Hippolyte Havel

(In "Mother Earth", September, 1914.)

ANYBODY SEEN A REVOLUTION?

(Lost in the Russian calendar of 1917-1938)

Samuel Polinow

Twenty one years ago a historic upheaval shook the world. The Russian workers and peasants, led by Lenin and Trotsky, uprooted the then vacillating Kerensky regime and established a new social order, presaging the liberation of the ever-suffering masses in Russia.

A new leaf has then been turned in the history of the class struggle.

A new hope has then rekindled the hearts of the oppressed masses, not only in the workers and peasants living in Russia, but reaching to the farthest corners of the globe where hungry and downtrodden peoples have suffered the scourge of capitalist and titular exploitation.

Their hope was not merely a cherished dream, for the Revolution then spread its tidings to the coolies in China, to the untouchables in India, to the toilers in America, Argentine, Brazil—to every section of the world where workers were forced to slave under the yoke of profit-grabbing domination.

For a time it seemed their hope had not been in vain. For a time it seemed the hour of liberation is about to strike. An avalanche of propaganda in all tongues and dialects had swept over the masses, urging them to follow the example of Russia's workers and throw off the chains that bound them to capitalist and imperialist tyranny.

Terror struck the ranks of imperialist governments. This sudden change in the social status of an oppressed people was too dangerous a threat to their existing orders. In it they saw the on-coming of an up-rising that will send their golden towers crashing from top to bottom. It postulated clever maneuvering on the part of imperialism to turn the tide and thus eliminate the dangerous threat. A new diplomatic chord was then struck up by the influential governments in the European continent, which was to serenade Soviet Union into a formal alliance with the rest of the ruling world and so appease, temporarily at least, the growing tension that was created between the new and old social orders. The first step toward a concilliation came when the U.S.S.R. was formally recognized by the responsible nations as a legitimate and orderly form of government. Then came her admission into the League of Nations. After that followed the usual trade-agreements, pledges, alliances, diplomatic conferences and all the international compacts which a responsible government must conclude in order to become a full-fledged member in the family of nations.

It must be remembered that in the various pacts concluded between Russia and the other nations it was explicitly stipulated and agreed upon that no Bolshevik propaganda is to be disseminated by the USSR within their countries. That Russia gave full assurance to that is proven by the fact that revolutionary propaganda outside her border immediately ceased after signatures were affixed to the documents. Moreover, in order that the political status of a recognized nation should not come in conflict with her foreign policies she found it necessary to beat a hasty retreat from communistic principles—though it must be admitted she did it very gracefully. First, the slogan "All Powers to the Soviets", for which the soldiers of the Revolution fought and died was thrown into the ash-can, automatically depriving the rank-and-file of their right to true expression; next came the monopolization of all industry and agriculture by the state and the people once again had to depend on authority—this time a stately authority—for their economic existence. In other words, the Russian workers and peasants again became the slaves to a dynasty—only this time under a different emblem and a stricter legal machinery to keep them in subjugation.

Now that Soviet Union has firmly entrenched herself as a ruling power it was quite natural for her to show a "big front" among nations. Her ambassadors abroad have even out-ambassadored the capitalist countries with their tail-coats and champagne. At conferences her assigned politicians have played all the tricks of political chicanery known in the political game. Working in close cooperation with the rest of the liars in the diplomatic circle she even went so far in her hypocrisy as to foam with anger at Fascist Italy for her open attack on the Spanish republic while Soviet oil is flowing to the Italian government, most of it, without doubt, being reshipped to Franco's bombers that slaughter the women and children of Spain. Furthermore, Germany and Italy (and Japan) have pledged themselves to direct action against Communism "wherever and whenever it may, in their judgement, appear", but trade agreements are in effect with these countries as though nothing happened as far as the USSR is concerned. . . .

It is obvious then that Russia has completely departed from the communistic tendencies of the October Revolution and has turned into a totalitarian state. But how have the masses been rewarded for their great sacrifices to attain at least "bread and freedom"? It was to be expected that in a state which nominally pretends to carry upon itself the label of Marxism the people should not go hungry. The Russian masses have brought untold sacrifices, hoping some day a new Russia will be born that will compensate the living for which others have died. Alas, it was a vain hope. The Revolution came, a new Russia was born, but those witnessing her rebirth are given neither freedom nor bread. Thought and expression is more persecuted there than in any other country on the face of the earth—yes, even those of fascist autocracy. Hunger and privation is prevalent among the underprivileged classes more so than in any capitalist bureaucracy. Superiority and inferiority of classes have grown to extreme proportions in this, so called, socialist republic.

While we are still on the track of the lost Revolution we should not overlook her faithful defenders who are resorting to all kinds of acrobatic stunts in their attempt to convince the devoted-ones that there still is a growing paradise in Soviet Union for the proletariat. An example of this "trick" propaganda we find in a clever article in the *Daily Worker* (Nov. 24), extolling the great achievement of the Soviet Union in the industrial and economic field. Here is the stuff:

At first glance we see a diagram illustrating how industry has risen from 0 in 1913 to 500% in 1937.

So far so good. No one will dispute the great strides which the workers helped to make in the industrial field.

Then it goes on to say: "The average family in the U.S.S.R. now eats more bread, meat, potatoes, etc., etc."

Well, we know something about "averages" to surmise that a millionaire's or even well-to-do's kitchen pot if mixed with a laborer's barley-soup would make a fine dish for any average citizen. We venture to say a banquet thrown by comrade Troyanowsky would feed sumptuously several hundred Russian workers for a couple of months.

Then further: "The average wage of the industrial workers during the middle of this year was more than doubled—etc., etc."

Again we have that "average". And again it seems to us that if we should combine the salary of a corporation executive, or some well-paid expert mechanic with that of a Kentucky miner or some cotton-picker on the plantation we could still strike a commendable average of salary. Put together a 10,000 rubles monthly salary with a 150 rubles and it will show a fair average even in Soviet Union.

The truth of the matter is that no scientific economy adopted by an organized state—be it capitalist or socialist—can afford to pay sufficiently for labor's products. The function of organized government is dependent on a vast number of non-productive parasites who must live on the income it obtains from the commodities produced by labor. To speak therefore or even to suggest, that the workers can ever hope to live by the fruit of their labor in any capitalist state is to tell a nice fairy-tale about sweet manna coming down from heaven.

On Nov. 7, 1937, Soviet Union celebrated with great pomp and fanfare the 20th Anniversary of the October Revolution. Red Square was drowned in flags that fluttered over a marching throng of military divisions, followed by hundreds of tanks and cannon, over whom majestically winged in orderly formation squadrons of the Red air fleet. An estimated million of Moscow's inhabitants looked on gleefully at the powerful force Russia has built up to defend their territory in event of aggression by an enemy nation.

It was a splendid showing of strength demonstrated to the world. But the universal proletariat cannot be fooled by it. Hitler and Mussolini too stage such holiday carnivals—probably with more pomp and splendor—and no one gets excited about it, except perhaps the kiddies, or even grown-ups of limited mentality, that are fond of watching military parades. What the working class hoped Soviet Union will celebrate is the delivery of the Russian masses from oppression; the reaping by Russia's toilers of the fruit which they bring out with their hard labor in the fields and factories; and above all they expected to see a social order with no usurping classes such as sprung up under a clique bureaucracy of Marxian creed.

It is apparent therefore, to the whole thinking world that the October Revolution has been betrayed by the materialization of marxism in the form of a Socialist State.

Every session of the legislature was opened with prayer, and then a large part of the assembly proceeded to look around to find some one to hold up. This, also, is politics.

—CLARENCE DARROW.

Italian Offensive In Spain Frustrated

All the prisoners taken by the soldiers of the people are of Italian nationality. The "Blue Arrows" and the "Black Flames" the "Litorio" and the "23rd March"—after making good their losses due to their complete defeat two months ago in the battle of the Ebro—are carrying on a desperate attack against our lines. This is simply a proof of fascist loyalty in regard to their international obligations: it is the demonstration of how, after the "Agreement of London," Italy honors her signature at the foot of the last proposal for the withdrawal of volunteers. England would do well if, instead of sending their ingenious agents to Rome, they sent them to Viver or Vall de Uxo, where they could find out what language the so-called "nationalists" speak. Naturally, we are not surprised at this Italian intervention. We are suffering from it since the beginning of the war, and we know that the traditional cowardice of the soldiers of the "Duce" prevents them from advancing when the aviation and artillery has not completely cleared the ground they want to conquer. But we point out the fact as a definte ratification of the falsity of Mussolini and the tragic farce of London. Today, as always, the dictators sign all kinds of agreements without the intention of fulfilling them, pursuing as the only aim that of gaining time, and taking positions which they can exploit in future negotiations.

But the desperate offensive undertaken by the Italian troops at the Levant front shows, not only the Mussolini fallacy, but also the haste to liquidate a situation which is becoming untenable for those who dreamt of an easy and profitable conquest.

Italy found in Spain more accessible and rich booty than Abysinnia. Italy entered our country helped by a tribe of traitors, protected by the cowardly inhibitions of the great democracies, which were not capable even to vote for those slight sanctions which were imposed when she undertook the conquest of Ethiopia. She was herself faced by a people without military organization, without adequate armament, boycotted by those who, trampling the Law underfoot, refused to them the arms which they could have acquired. Mussolini thought the fight would be short and victorious, with a minimum of expense in men and material and an enormous production, exploiting the soil and subsoil, utilize the Spaniards as beast of burden, transforming our terrestrial naval and air bases, and constituting a threat which would oblige London and Paris to compromise and come to an arrangement. But this was a complete mistake. The people whom he thought it would be easy to conquer, distinguished themselves for their heroism; the military organization was created amid enthusiasm; soon after the first victory came the shameful defeat at Brihuega, dishonor of an Army which thought itself invincible. Today the dramatic reality is presented to the sight of the invader. Abyssinia cost a small number of losses; about a few hundred million lira and five months of fighting. Spain has cost two years of bloodshed, twenty-five thousand men and twenty thousand million liras. And for what? Nothing practical and tangible, certainly. Unless it be the hope, which is every day more remote, of securing a victory which may permit the recuperation of the money spent. Every hour that passes without our resistance diminishing is a fresh blow for Italy. In three years the Debt has reached thirty-eight thousand million liras; the deficit calculated for this year is twelve thousand millions; there is no money even to buy the five hundred thousand tons of wheat which would permit that the people, whose ration has been reduced to the minimum imaginable, may have a piece of bread. A year more of war and intervention in Spain would be, fatally and inevitably, the financial crash, the economic collapse of Italy. And with the economic and financial disaster would come the revolution, which would drag Mussolini himself to his death.

In order to try to avoid this certain danger, the offensive of the East was planned, but it did not give the results expected; to achieve them, a fortnight ago a strong offensive was begun. Anyway, troops were called to the Levante fronts; all the available material was collected there; at one time attacks were made with enormous violence in five different directions; for whole hours all the roads were machine-gunned; shells were used in great quantities to remove all the earth protecting the positions defended by the Popular Army. But, when they thought that nobody remained alive, soldiers and machine guns issued from the earth and raked the ranks of the attackers. On the 9th July "at the latest" they were going to be in Sagunto, according to the Italian plans for the division of "black shirts" which advanced along the Teruel road. This is not the 9th July but the 9th August and the whole Italian offensive has only served to reach Barracas, which is 50 kilometers from the point indicated in the plans of the Rome General Staff. The heroic resistance of our soldiers has caused the great offensive to fail already, in spite of the fact that the invaders prepared it so carefully. They have certainly advanced a few kilometers, but they have not advanced a fifth of the distance planned, and the cost has been ten times as great as they expected. Mussolini has plenty of reasons to be displeased. He can never conquer Spain, but Spain will destroy his prestige when it makes him collapse economically and will free the enslaved people of Italy.

—BULLETIN OF INFORMATION, C.N.T.-F.A.I.

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SOLIDARITY FUND FOR ORPHANS OF ANARCHISTS KILLED IN SPAIN

The Los Angeles Group that publishes MAN! hereby opens up a Solidarity Fund for the orphans of those Comrades who have been killed or assassinated in the struggle that is now being waged for more than two years in Spain.

On our initial list we have gathered $17.50 that will forthwith be sent to its right destination.

We invite every reader of MAN! to swell this fund as an expression of our solidarity. All funds forwarded should be addressed to:

MAN!, P. O. Box 971, Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.

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MORE REFLECTIONS ON LIBERTY

Marcus Graham

MAN! values and appreciates the collaboration of comrade Labadie. He is one of the many younger writers who has first been introduced to the printed world in our pages. With comrade Labadie's hammering away at and demolishing of the authoritarian concept, be it of the capitalist variety or the marxist with its fascist offspring, we are naturally in full agreement.

It is only when comrade Labadie sets out to outline programmes for a future free society that our dissent sets in. His "Reflections on Liberty" that we printed in the last issue calls for a critical examination of those points of disagreement that his programme raises.

Leadership and Anarchism

Comrade Labadie asserts:

"Both consciously and unconsciously every social action testifies to the fact that equality is the social ideal. But does equality negate leadership? Hardly . . . Associated activity requires direction and aim. And it is part of the function of labor to select leadership."

If "equality is the social ideal", how can it then fail to negate leadership at the same time? It is only when one accepts as comrade Labadie does, the industrial system with its division of labor, that leadership becomes an imperative necessity.

No one could demolish more strongly the very idea of leadership in an equalitarian society than Labadie does himself when writing:

"Would artists, poets, inventors and other pioneers and innovators be fitted for say industrial management? It is unlikely."

What Labadie grants is nothing less than, that: non-imaginative people, non-thinkers, in short, incompetents, will comprise the leadership of his free society.

One must ask: wherein would lie the difference between the kind of "leadership" the present coercive systems are composed of from the one suggested by Labadie?

From whichever angle one might view it, leadership and equality do not mix. They are far more than mere contradiction in terms. They negate each other.

Incompetents, Fools and Sacrifices

Labadie holds that:

"Only incompetents preach sacrifice; only fools practice it."

This is an asesrtion that is open to challenge. From the Bakunins and Kropotkins, down to the Linggs and Vanzettis, by their very lives these men abandoned safety, comfort and joy. Neither do I believe that these men considered their acts as sacrifices. Nevertheless, **it was voluntary sacrifice. This they practiced.** I hardly think it possible that Labadie would apply the terms of incompetents and fools to such courageous thinking men.

The revolutionary struggles for liberty offer an eloquent list of outstanding individuals that could likewise be named, and whose lives offer contradictory proof to Labadie's assertion.

And what about the nameless masses that are risking and losing their lives in every social struggle in the history of man? Would Labadie apply the term of incompetents and fools to them?

Competition A Guarantee of Independence?

Asserts comrade Labadie:

"Competition is the equity . . . it regulates the division of labor, proportions production, socializes knowledge, spurs progress, and is a guarantee to independence."

Under capitalist economy we know only too well what is meant by **competition.** Labadie has no use for that kind of a competition. But what does he offer instead? Identically the same dressed up lady is presented, only with different wordly trimmings.

Can a truly free society prove itself compatible with the idea of competition and the division of labor, and all that these terms imply? To put the question is to answer it at the same time and in the most emphatic negative form possible.

Competition in a free society is inconceivable. It can only become a relic of the reactionary past. It will be replaced by the spontaneous enthusiasm to produce the most durable commodities, the best food stuffs, and to create the most intellectual works in all branches of art.

Happiness and well being, spiritually as well as physically, will become the true and sole aim of the new society, the society of the freed man.

Are these chimera dreams?

One need but point at the achievements of man in all the branches of science and art where labor is done voluntarily and out of love, even under the present chaotic disorder of society, in order to realize the great possibilities that lie in store for a freed mankind.

Monopoly and Independence

Contends comrade Labadie:

"The purpose of monopoly should be to preserve independence without violating liberty."

How this contradictory assertion of having monopoly "preserve independence without violating liberty" is possible, is no hard problem for Labadie. "Competition . . . answers against its abuse."

I need hardly repeat that my critical remarks anent Labadie's competition idea equally applies to his monopoly and independence concepts.

Property and Labor

"Property is expedient to guarantee the right of independence."

So asserts comrade Labadie.

In a truly free society plentitude will be the only assurance of the well-being and contentment of its participants. The instinctive desire to share in the achieved fruits of one's labors, the physical as well as the spiritual labors, are noticeable even under the present chaotic state of society. The finest spirit of man will yet reveal itself in all its splendor when a free society comes into being.

If comrade Labadie has in mind the property of one's individual inclinations and whims, then he is correct. But if he implies that we need a property system in a free society, he but adds to his collection of re-introducing every sort of evil that has made the capitalist order the paraphernalia that it has come to be known to all thinking human beings.

In speaking of property and labor, Labadie asserts:

"Work is a necessity, nearly always irksome, prompted by our needs; play is a voluntary pursuit, nearly always non-productive, prompted by our desires."

Were the great arts created by the world's artists prompted by needs? Were they irksome tasks to their creators? Were they non-productive?

What a jumble of contradiction is aroused by the assertions of Labadie!

Perhaps by the standard measurements of monetary rewards the arts were non-productive. But what of their intellectual influence that is ever constant?

And even the ordinary kind of manual labor, as tilling the soil, for instance, is in itself not irksome.

It is the exploitation of toil in all its spheres of human endeavor that turns toil into an irksome task.

In a free society toil will be play as well as productive, and not at all irksome.

Money in a Free Society

Flowing out of his erroneous conceptions of a free society, it couldn't be otherwise than to find comrade Labadie write:

"Money, especially credit money, is undoubtedly one of the greatest of cooperative discoveries. Without it no great specialization of labor seems possible (in this latter assertion Labadie is perfectly correct) . . . However, whoever fails to understand the power of money, and also its utility and necessity, or fails to realize that the solution of the money problem is imperatively prior to and the fundamental solution of nearly all other social problems, fails to that extent in being an effective influence toward the advancement and happiness and social well-being of mankind . . . "

For an anarchist to advance such a theory as Labadie does in regard to money, is indeed regrettable.

The money problem is one of the chief issues that can and will be solved in a free society, and that can only come about through **the complete discarding of the monetary system as a standard of measurement for one's rights, needs, and well-being.**

If one believes, as Labadie does, in leadership, competition, monopoly, property and money as expedients that must be made use of in a free society, he may rest assured that **there will be very little left in such a society that will have any moral right to be termed as FREE.**

Comrade Labadie's conception of a free society would prove itself as much of an authoritarian-ridden society as one views today in capitalist countries as well as in the simon-pure marxian one of Russia.

And personally I know of no one who would be more unhappy and dissentful in such a society as is conceived by comrade Labadie than Laurance Labadie himself.

Anarchism, Masses and Revolution

There are a few other minor thoughts raised by comrade Labadie that I find little to agree with. One of these is his thought on value. Since he interelates it with his other erroneous conceptions of his "competitive economy", it would only be repeating objections already made above.

"In one sense, and unfortunately, anarchism is not, and never will be, **a mass movement.**"

Thus comrade Labadie delivers the seal of doom as to the possibility of anarchism ever becoming a reality.

The most fundamental concept that seperates anarchism from marxism lies with our faith in the masses in contradistinction to the marxians' lack of such faith.

For, if the masses do not possess the latent potentialities that make for a free society—then a free society becomes totally impossible.

Marxism promised to lead the masses toward a free society. (Russia shows only how futile such a hope has already proven itself to be.)

Anarchism is firmly convinced in the inherent possibilities of the masses to grow into free human beings by practicing true freedom in all the creative spheres of life. (Spain has furnished proof of the correctness of the faith that the anarchist has in the masses. The defense of the Spanish masses against fascism, and the more so their attempt in the rebuilding of the new society along free methods, despite all obstacles placed in their way by the "loyalist" Government, are examples in fact.)

Comrade Labadie contends also, that:

"The ideal of anarchism, being a voluntary society, obviously cannot be attained through violence, nor through civil war . . . . "

It is amazing indeed to find a comrade of Labadie's intellectual standing to lend himself in playing unwittingly into the hands of those evil agencies who are ever ready to represent anarchy as an idea of violence and civil war.

An anarchist is the last person that could morally wish to harm any human being physically, or impose his ideas by force.

The present capitalist societies, including the Marxian one in Russia, maintain themselves by violence and civl war. It is against this state of affairs that the anarchist calls to rebellion. **And no one would the more welcome a peaceful solution be utilized by oppressed mankind than the anarchist.**

But the very existence of the institution of Government predicates **violence and civil war.** No government has ever abdicated peacefully. It has always employed its machinery to drown in blood the cries for justice and freedom.

It is then **Government** that by its very nature denotes violence and brings on civil war, that must be held responsible for any bloodshed, or civil wars that arise in man's struggles for social emancipation.

As has already been said, with comrade Laurance Labadie, the trenchent denouer of authoritarianism, be it of the communist or fascist variety, MAN! is whole-heartedly in agreement with.

With comrade Labadie's conception and postulates for a future free society, MAN! is unreservedly in complete disagreement.

On The Block

◆ Well, folks, our Santa suddenly became a trouble-maker. The other day he came to our desk and said, "Boss, I'm thinking of giving up writing this stuff for you."

"What's the matter", we asked, turning as pale as a ghost.

"Why should I rake my brains", he said, "making up all these clever satires when I can make $40,000 a year by just writing about silk panties and things like that" , . . .

◆ A special bulletin reached our department that the Soviets have put two **people to death** for stealing.

Apparently capital is rated higher under socialism than under capitalism . . . .

◆ We hear that Father Divine got a new Heaven in New York.,

We are just wondering why he doesn't go down to Georgia where he'd be sure to get both—Heaven and Hell. . .

◆ It seems every time Chamberlain sends a protest to Franco he throws a couple of more bombs on his ships.

There's a guy that knows how to throw the Bull . . .

◆ How is it the Japs haven't as yet proclaimed themselves Aryans? What's the matter, are they Yellow? . . .

◆ And our Mr. Hull insists that Mexico pay her debts to the U.S.

We can't really blame him; after all the losses we sustained in England we've got to make it up somewhere. . . .

◆ It appears that Litvinoff and Shigemitsu have settled their quarrels about that Siberian Hill.

So did those Russians and Japs who died on it . . . .

The Reds and Japs have fought and bled
In a battle strewn with dead,
So Diplomats could sign their names
To politicians' paper games . . . .

◆ Business being very dull with us lately, we thought of putting these bargains on sale:

Men's suits (rayon, cotton, checked, striped and numerous other selections).
Price $24.95

Men (Chinese, Japanese, Russians, Ethiopians, Spaniards and numerous other selections).
Price ..... 2 cents

◆ Our Santa just discovered that he is a full-fledged Aryan. He looked up his family roster and found that his great, great, grand-mother slept with a barber.

That, he says, makes him a barb-aryan . . . .

◆ We thought lately about the readers of MAN! and concluded they needed a little reforming; so we looked up a few quotations uttered by men of wisdom, which should help them to mend their ways. Here they are:

The world is my country, **to do good is my religion".**
—Mussolini.

"Love they neighbor as you love thyself".
—Hitler.

"Do unto others what you do not wish done to yourself".
—Stalin.

"My son, walk not in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their paths: For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood".
—Franco.

"The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, nor the children for the fathers".
—The Mikado.

"With regard to the intellect, nature is highly aristocratic. The distinctions which it has established are greater than those which are made in any country by birth, rank, wealth, or caste".
—Chamberlain.

(If we are mistaken about the authorship of these phrases we hope some reader will correct us.)

◆ Our Mr. Hull sounded a new warning to the world that the ruthless wars going on now will lead to anarchy and lawlessness.

For goodness sakes, could he expect people to die under better laws than those they are now enjoying? . . . .

◆ Well, from the looks of things, Franco is as far from victory in Spain as a goat would be from an Elk lodge . . . .

And Chamberlain is as far from diplomatic triumph as a prostitute would be from a society of virgins . . . .

Santa Panta

Let it be repeated: Capitalism is far more than an economic system. It is above all a form of insanity in which driver and driven, pressed and oppressor, are lashed toward the common goal of all—the grave—forgetting in the haste to get there only one thing, the purpose of life, which is living as fully as we may, as long as we may, and with as little work as we may.

OSCAR AMERINGER

A POET AND PROFESSOR COMES TO ANARCHISM

We live in a world that makes thinking human beings despair.

Truth, seemingly lies in the gutter. Hypocrisy rides high and triumphantly in the political parliaments throughout the world, as in all the other governmental offices, in the churches and synagogues, in the schools and homes.

In the economic field, justice too, to all appearances, has been turned into a word of mockery and derision. Ruthless exploitation holds sway everywhere. The machine that was to prove itself a blessing, has so far become a curse to the millions of unemployed throughout the world.

The god of destruction—War—has become the chief trade of every reigning government. Not only is youth being trained in the profession of murder, but equally so are the women, and what is even more damnable, *mere children as well.*

What is the chief cause that man is being prepared to murder his fellow-man for?

The answer has been found long ago by the economists: the *Profit System.* The same system that is reponsible for the plight of the millions of unemployed who face destitution, misery, illness and all the preventable evils that man suffers from.

The arising upon the world arena of *fascism,* followed later by *nazism* only increased the horrible state of hypocrisy and injustice in which mankind finds itself today.

Political socialism, that is *marxism,* once the hope of oppressed mankind, no longer serves that purpose since the betrayal of its main spokesmen in the last world war.

The revolution in Russia, that is the October Revolution, in which the Soviets of Peasants and Sailors, Workers and Soldiers, came to life—rekindled the faith and hope of mankind in the dawn of a new day.

Had the Soviets really functioned as they were meant to be, it is possible that the dawn of a new day would not have likewise turned into a disillusion of shattered hopes and expectations.

Politicians, this time well meaning ones, ultra self-styled revolutionary marxians, succeeded by trickery to supersede the Soviets and turn the whole revolution into a ghastly reign of terror and oppression.

This disillusion is likely to prove of much longer duration than other similar ones in mankind's history. Reason? It was done, and still is being done, in the name of the "proletariat" and the held out promise of a future-to-be free society.

The anarchists were alone in realizing first this new snare and hoax that is being perpetrated upon the sincere liberty loving elements of mankind.

The voice of the anarchists proved feeble for a time. But truth cannot forever be vanquished by falsehood.

Proof as to this is to be found in the eloquent book that just made its appearance in England: "POETRY and ANARCHISM" by Herbert Read*

Herbert Read is a renown Professor in English universities and has to his credit nine other published books.

This is how Prof. Read explains his conversion to anarchism:

To declare for a doctrine so remote as anarchism at this stage of history will be regarded by some critic as a sign of intellectual bankruptcy; by others as sort of treason, a desertion of the democratic front at the most acute moment of its crisis; by still others as merely poetic nonsense. For myself it is not only a return to Proudhon, Tolstoy, and Kropotkin, who were the predilections of my youth, but a mature realization of their essential rightness, and a realization, moreover, of the necessity or the probity, of an intellectual confining himself to essentials.

. . . From 1917 onwards, and for as long as I could preserve the illusion, communism as established in Russia seemed to promise the social liberty of my ideals. So long as Lenin and Stalin promised a definite 'withering away of the State' I was prepared to stifle my doubts and prolong my faith. But when five, ten, fifteen, and then tewenty years passed with the liberty of the individual receding at every stage, a break became inevitable. It was only delayed so long because no other country in the world offered a fairer prospect of social justice. It comes now because it is possible to transfer our hopes to Spain, where anarchism, so long oppressed and obscured, has at last emerged as a predominant force in constructive socialism.

. . . To make life, to insure progress, to create interest and vividness, it is necessary to break form, to distort pattern, to change the nature of our civilization. In order to create it is necessary to destroy; and the agent of destruction in society is the poet. I believe that the poet is necessarily an anarchist, and that he must oppose all organized conceptions of the State, not only those which we inherit from the past, but equally those which are imposed on people in the name of the future. In this sense I make no distinction between fascism and marxism.

Here is a frank confession by a matured and experienced intellectual that is worthy of the attention and meditation of all those who are still blinded by the Bolshevik hoax.

Prof. Read has crowded his seven chapters of the 126-page-book with many equally profound thoughts on subjects relating to the various phases of his study.

No blind worshipper of industrialism, Prof. Read obeserves:

I despise the whole industrial epoch—not only the plutocracy which it has raised to power, but also the industrial proletariat which it has drained from the land and proliferated in hovels of indifferent brick . . . A man cultivating the earth—that is the elementary economic fact; and as a poet I am only concerned with elementary facts.

To all such who are worshippers of programmes (and there are such even in the anarchist circles) the observations of Prof. Read are of much interest. He writes:

I am not concerned with the practicality of a programme. I am only concerned to establish the truth, and to resist all forms of discipline and coercion. I shall endeavor to live as an individual, to develop my individuality, and if necessary, I shall be isolated in a prison rather than submit to the indignities of war and collectivism. It is the only protest an individual can make against the mass stupidity of the modern world.

The role of the artist in society is very pointedly made by Prof. Read when he states:

The work of art, by process which we have so far failed to understand, is a product of the relationship which exists between an individual and a society, and no great art is possible unless you have as corresponding and contemporary activities the spontaneous freedom of the individual and the passive coherence of a society.

. . . There is not the slightest diference, in intention, in control, and in final product, between the art of marxist Russia and the art of fascist Germany. It is true that the one is urged to celebrate the achievements of socialism, and the other to celebrate the ideals of nationalism; but the necessary method is the same—a rhetorical realism, devoid of invention, renouncing subtley and emphasizing the obvious . . . Compelled to produce under such conditions, the more sensitive artist will despair. In extremes, like Mayokovsky, he will commit suicide.

In the third chapter of his study on the lack of English taste, Prof. Read deals a penetrating and devastating blow to all the cant, sham and hypocrisy that reigns now supreme in the British Empire, and which could very well be applied to the greater part of the English speaking world as well.

The most thought-provoking chapters are "Essential Communism" and "The Necessity of Anarchism".

Prof. Read places the issue of Anarchy most pertinently in the first named chapter, when he states:

But the pure doctrine of liberty, of libertarianism, will be a living doctrine as long as our civilization survives; for on our liberty depends the life of our civilization.

And before every sincere follower of the marxian school Prof. Read places these all important queries for their meditation:

As for our socialist pressmen, either they have assumed that anarchism was buried when Marx defeated Bakunin at the Hague Congress of 1872 . . . or, knowing that in Italy and Spain anarchism has never died, they have deliberately obscured the issue, pretending that anarchism was merely an infantile disorder of the Latin temperament, and not to be taken seriously. They now watch the outcome of the Spanish struggle with some anxiety, for what if, after all, anarchism became a power in one European country?

To those who are troubled by the question: is anarchy practicable? Prof. Read gives this answer:

The essential principle of anarchism is that mankind has reached a stage of development at which it is possible to abolish the old relationship of master-man (capitalist-proletarian) and substitute a relationship of equalitarian cooperation. This principle is based not only on ethical grounds, but also on economic grounds. It is not merely a sentiment of justice, but also a system of economic production.

Prof. Read deals also trenchiendly with the "withering away" of the State phrase that Engels and Lenin have made famous, proving how utterly fallacious it showed itself when put to a test, as in Russia.

In the two concluding chapters, The Prerequisite of Peace and The Importance of Living, Prof. Read puts forth the anarchist conception as beautiful as only a true poet could. He writes:

There is no problem to which during the last twenty years, I have given more thought than this problem of war and peace; it has been an obsession with my generation. There's no problem which leads so inevitably to anarchism. Peace is anarchy. Government is force; force is repression, and repression leads to reaction, or to a psychosis of power which in turn involves the individual in destruction and the nations in war. War will exist as long as the State exists. Only a non-governmental society can offer those economic, ethical and psychological conditions under which the emergence of a peaceful mentality is possible.

. . . When we cast out the fear of death and renounce any desire to dominate the least of our fellow men, then we can live in peace and happiness. And that is the final aim: neither to believe, nor suffer, nor renounce; but to accept, to enjoy, to realize the anarchy of life in the midst of the order of living.

"Poetry and Anarchism" is bound to exert and arouse a renewed interest in our philosophy of a free society—*anarchy.*

Prof. Read's labor re-vindicates the well known concept, that: *truth cannot be vanquished forever.* In the end *it will always break through.*

We bid a hearty welcome to our ranks, as well as extend our hands of comradship across the sea, to a new expounder of our anarchist philosophy—Comrade Herbert Read.

M. G.

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MARCUS GRAHAM, Editor

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MAN!

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Freedom versus Discipline

This word discipline has always hurt my feelings; I was never able to admit or like it. To me discipline is the opposite of freedom. No matter where it may originate, I dislike it so much that it brings me to rebellion; I cannot stand it and even pity those who have neither the courage nor the energy to free themselves from it.

The imposed discipline is always in the form of power and authority; it is the enemy of all minds prompted by independence. Be it in religious groups, political parties, labor organizations or other more or less hierarchized groups, it is the same discipline as that imposed by state, public and private administrations. It is both the prisoner's chain and the weapon of the bureaucracy.

Here it can be truthfully said that in the name of discipline are committed the greatest injustices, the most atrocious crimes, the most cynical oppressions, the lowest servility, and above all, the worst exploitation and annihilation of man; it is the astriction of the brain, the destruction of feelings, in a word, discipline crushes all that is beautiful, noble, great and generous in man.

Yet it is said that discipline is the army's main strength. Surely it means that it transforms men into brutes and automatons. It is in the name of discipline that public officials lose their individuality and are transformed into passive machines.

Now the limit of cunning (unless it be a mental aberration) is that those who pretend to have advanced ideas and hope to obtain social liberation by conquest of public power, also preconize discipline. Be they socialists, communists, syndicalists, etc., they affirm that discipline is absolutely necessary.

In the electoral fiesta and circuses there is no fight without discipline. All this is in the name of the sacrosanct republican trilogy—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—which ornament public buildings, prisons and children reformatories. Luckily some of us have outgrown these things; experience has long ago taught us that the contrary is to be believed.

However, I cannot help calling them crazy and senseless who still think that discipline is necessary; they should see that in reality discipline is at the antipodes of freedom; that freedom is the condition which includes everything, nothing being possible of accomplishment without it. Indeed, everything can be started through freedom and everything can be gained by it.

Thus, I frankly say that were it not for ambitious and shameful aims there would not be any need for an imposed discipline; a discipline not to be confounded with self-discipline which is the line of conduct one dictates to himself after profound thinking, or which one accepts in an association contract whose clauses have suffered a thorough analysis.

To all those who feign the interpretation of discipline imposed from the outside as an understanding and communion of thought, I counter-propose freedom as the only method able to elaborate and establish justice and create a parallelism of ideas.

And so with all my might I shout: "Down with the imposed discipline! Down with the most revolting tyranny!"

Maurice Imbard

(English version from the French by Jules Scarceriaux.)

Letters from Italy

Philadelphia, Pa.—Letters from Italy received here by friends and relatives in Mussoliniland are rather revealing. It costs 10 cents to send a first-class letter from Italy to the U. S. and that does not encourage frequent correspondence.

Even so, writers frequently paste their stamps on the back of the envelope in order to prevent tampering by the censors. There is also a curious delay in transmitting letters, sometimes as long as two months.

Family news is given freely with brief notes as to the location of various members of the family, but no comments are included. One Italian mother wrote recently about a nephew and son-in-law killed in battle in Ethiopia, about the fiance of the youngest daughter serving in the Italian army in Spain, and about the removal of another son with his family to Ethiopia. Inquiries as to further details brought only vague replies such as: "I understand what you have written."

Mussolini's propaganda has led some Italians to sell all their belongings in the U. S. and to return to Italy in anticipation of a comfortable old age in peace and security. Letters from these immigrants reveal their complete disillusion. Urging rigid secrecy lest some vengeance be worked on her and her family, one woman poured out her soul to a former neighbor in the U. S. Since all her funds were transferred to Italian banks, she is helpless and cannot return to the U. S., as she would like to.—NO-FRONTIER NEWS.

To be able to conceive the consciousness of others well—to put ourselves on the place, and to enter into their consciousness, so to speak—we must, above all, be in sympathy with them.

J. M. GUYAU

IBERIAN ANARCHIST FEDERATION'S NEW STAND

II

Are War-Conditions a "New State of Things"?

As I have already shown, the "new institutions" which have arisen within the civil war in Spain are not in any way "a new state of things"; but they are the very old state and way of things during every war.

War is essentially a "collectivist" form of action in its extremist aspects. During its course and perpetration government must allow some collective developments on the economic field, in order to be able to carry on a war. But these diverse collective constructions—in Germany and Austria they were called by government "war-centrals"; social-democracy called them "war-socialism"—are no new state of things," as demanded by anarchism. Just as little as it is socialism or justice if the worker works and gives most of his product to capitalism and the state, just as little it is an approach to socialism, much less still to anarchism, if the workers, who, in fact, are always working in common, collectively, have to render most of their products to the monster of war, and besides give to it also their lives. To call such a condition of affairs a "new state of things" is about the same, as to call "Nazism," this hired lackey of capitalism, the armory industry and governmentalism, a sort of "socialism." In fact, the term of socialism has, by its adaptation on the part of social-democracy, nazism, etc., become very shallow, ambiguous, meaningless, similar to the deformity to which "communism" by the fraud of bolshevism has been submitted. Should this now also become the fate of anarchism? The new platform of the FAI, whoever has drafted it, is the first attempt at it.

Anarchists and the State

The statements of the FAI make it unmistakably clear that it intends to give up its fighting activity against the present regime in Spain; they want to entitle all its intellectual leaders to cooperate in the upholding of it, in compensation for being allowed this collaboration, which will be rooted materially by government, naturally. The above statements tend to make the unaware and naive adherents to look upon the activity of the representative personalities as upon a correct activity, even in service of anarchism, although it is absolutely in contradistinction to it. In fact, the above statements are the greatest danger of corrupting the whole FAI, thereby corrupting the entire international movement of anarchism, upholding the present state of things within a society dominated by government. This, nothing else, is the quintessence of marxism-fascism; it is by no means absolutely necessary that a movement calls itself by this name in order to be virtually equivalent to them . . . the most frightful aspect is only that we suddenly perceive that this peculiar feat can also be performed in the name of anarchism; fortunately, never in its real spirit.

Real anarchism has, within the present system, lost all sense of being if it is not eternally protesting, resisting, renewing itself and its surrounding by wrestling itself asunder from government, its dictums and needs, as much as possible. Within government, within all its functions, to say that we, as anarchists, have to become pillars of the present, is a mockery to anarchism, means to give up its very right of existence for anarchism. To say the least, it means to open the sway to many ambiguous things, absolutely foreign to the anarchist idea.

What Kind of "Control"?

Just the same insufficiency, to say the least, I observe in the unclear statement that "it is the immediate mission of the FAI to achieve, by means of the workers' syndicates, the function of organizing labor upon large planes and the closest control over all the means and forms of production."

In reading this demand one is prompted to ask: What function does the FAI want to perform? Does she only want to organize labor upon the large promises of big industry—no other purpose is mentioned—then why not state for what object this is aimed for? Whom should it serve, and in what way? Besides, what sort of "control" does the FAI demand over all the means and forms of production?

Not one of these queries is answered in the above formulae of the platform. It leaves all open to guess.

Why this wilful silence? There are two reasons for it: If it means the achievement of collectivism, the framers of the platform are aware that this has nothing to do with anarchism, as it necessitates rather a large bureaucracy, in which the FAI wants to be represented. Besides, secondly, the above demand proves that the FAI, as formerly already did the IWA (International Workingmen's Association) has accepted the bolshevist demand of a "control" within production, instead of a seizure of the means of production, directly by the workers.

The formulae of a "control" of production is put up by the bolshevists, because they deny that the workers can reach communism with one stride. The fact is, that the bolshevists have not reached it by collectivism after twenty years.

In order to befuddle the minds of the workers the bolshevists have supplanted the co-ownership of the means of production by the workers themselves, through the ingenious phrase of a "control by the workers." This presupposes nothing else than bureaucratic jobs for workers' representatives, new sub-bosses, so-called "workers'-councils." And now the FAI accepts this purely bolshevist slogan and pseudo-deliberation of the workers as a fundamental element of an "anarchistic" platform.

The Lack of a Clear Aim

Even the aim of the revolutionary aspiration of the FAI is not stated clearly, but altogether too abstract. Under "Normes of agreement" (convivencia) the FAI declares that the revolution (where it is to be seen in present-day Spain, I fail to see . . .) "cannot be the expression of any totalitarian creed."

Does this not mean to give up one's own principle for the benefit of another one, recognized to be false? Totalitarianism is anyhow anti-anarchistic, as it means the rule and subjugation of others to one's own pattern of life. But anarchism is in itself the negation of totalitarianism, *if it is totally realized.* As anarchism is a society without any central power, it lacks that force which alone is able to enforce a total adherence to dull uniformity. The more so it is very dangerous to play havoc with a term because it is used by that word-mongrel, Hitler.

His totalitarian *state* is in absolute contradistinction to the totalitarian realization of a *principle* which assures all individuals and groups total autonomy and self-determination.

But just this liberty of the individual, which is within anarchism the total amount of the liberty for all, will never come if the anarchists abdicate the total realization of anarchy—the *total* negation of government.

What a *non*-totalitarian "revolution" will mean, we have been amply taught by the "united anti-fascist revolution," being the "exponent of all the popular sectors" on July, 1936, until today in Spain. . . . The revolution of July, 1936, has been frustrated in all its aspects because the FAI did not know, when it had the material possibility, to do it, how to carry through an anarchistic revolution. Such a revolution means *total liberty* for all sectors of social and political life—the total impossibility of any one of becoming a power—the total incapacity for all to ever again become a rulership.

A Total Negation of Anarchism

So far I am done with the theoretical elements of the new platform of the FAI. They are lacking the real anarchistic quintessence, its horizon. They are in many aspects a catering to the enemy and open great vistas of the possibilities of corruption.

What is most amazing to me is this: the platform does not reflect with even an inkling the most horrible experience which the FAI ought to have gathered since May, 1937, and incessantly since that time! It is really incredible how blindfolded even anarchists can be. . . .

As to Organization

Regarding the tenets of the organization of the FAI I have little to say. Every organization must have the full right of deciding about them itself. Whoever is not in agreement does not need to join.

It appears to me that the FAI has adopted by far a more democratic form of organization than an anarchistic one. All depends henceforth upon the majority—decision of "meetings and congresses." While an anarchist federation and organization depends upon the autonomous initiative of the local group, its free association with the kindred kinships in aims and objects, the FAI by its new platform proves to think too little about it that an anarchist organization ought to be a forecast of the future social organization of anarchy.

In the passage regarding "groups and affinity" one reads with stupefaction, flatly stated:

"During more than fifty years the group of affinity has been the most efficient organ of propaganda, of anarchist relation and practice. With the new organization which imprints itself upon the FAI the organical mission of the group of affinities becomes annulated."

As such the group of affinity, which is in reality the very nucleus of the anarchist organization of a total future life for society, loses all rights of participation within the FAI. The latter prefers to be built up like any other political or syndicalist organization, thereby sacrificing the inner elements of free, spontaneous, and according to affinities, grouped and associated life—the very quintessence of anarchism and anarchy.

An Old Error About Syndicalism Repeated

Let us not overlook one great omission. Under the title of "The organical personality of the FAI" are rendered all its constituent groups and federations, enumerated from a to z. Only one group is lacking: the syndicalist organization.

Thus the FAI deprives itself of its own economic and productive basis, weakens the numerical adherence of the anarchist action and reduces itself to a purely ideological association. This omission is a great mistake, into which the anarchists are falling since *Pelloutier, Pouget, Yvetot* and other French anarcho-syndicalists had at the end of the last century the erroneous hope and conception that the workers, grouped in their economic branch-organizations (syndicates), not adhering to any political party, would by way of their daily economic strife and strikes practically arrive automatically at the anarchist conception. The experience of the last forty years refutes this assumption, and not alone in France, but also in Spain. This experience proves that the more syndicalism grows outside of the anarchist organization numerically and in the course of the daily class struggle of reformist demands, the further away it separates from anarchism and its direct actions and methods. On the contrary. While syndicalism in a revolutionary sense is everywhere only founded by anarchists, the separate and non-allied organization of syndicalism deprives the anarchist organization of its real economic basis, its real numerical strength and it fosters the purely reformist evolution of the syndicalist organization.

A Partial Recognition of the Error

Quite at the end the authors of the platform seem to have somewhat grasped their error. Under the caption of "Auxiliary Organisms" we find this statement:

"For purposes of expansion and propaganda there are created some groups in the centres of production and at all other places which are considered to be opportune."

And in an "Appendix" it is—at last—stated that "in consideration of the links of a very close ideological affinity which unites the FAI with the *Confederation of Labour* and the Libertarian Youth Federation it makes its relations the more closely and densely, keeping up mutual delegations with them. . . ."

Thus the new FAI falls into the fault of the former one, in fact, into that of almost the entire anarchist movement internationally, wherever there exists a separated syndicalist movement. This condition—in spite of all the heart-rending experiences with Syndicalism since 1914 till 1918, from then on until today—is looked upon as self-evident and unalterable. It appears highly remarkable how little the Spanish anarchists have learned from the lessons out of their own experiences, lived through since 1931.

Within the scope of this critical review of the new organic structure of the FAI it cannot be my task to enter thoroughly into this problem of the direct unification of anarchism with syndicalism, the latter to be organized within the organization of the former one. I only dare say that the separation of these two organizations has been the greatest tactical error of anarchism, handicapping its actions in all respects and being greatly the cause for the downward way syndicalism has gone since the last decades. This separation of the two organizations has helped fascism to gain the upper hand, as in Italy, where syndicalism was very strong but anarchism, separated, had hardly one-tenth of the adherents of the syndicalist organization and in no way its direct assistance and collaboration; whilst syndicalism itself was incapable of directing itself anarchistically and squandered its forces upon the small palliatives which meant nothing in comparison to its aim and possibilities. This separate organization of the two factors created a harmful dualism and led continually away from the Federation of 1872 and its remodelling of the International Workmen's Association that had bequeathed to the correct principles of organization which the Jura-anarchist movement, the Jura-Federation embodied: anarchism and syndicalism as one unity, organically.

The Necessary Basic Unity

Applying this to more modern conditions it must be stated that since the great downbreak of French syndicalism in 1914 before the World War; since its deviation into either reformism or pseudo-revolutionarism (CGT and CGTU) in France; since its tremendous default in Italy; at minor occasions everywhere—there has shown itself:

1. The separate organization of syndicalism, apart from anarchism, leads to a weakening of the latter and to a corresponding reformistic tendency within syndicalism.

2. The separate basis of organization for both means that at every historically determining conjuncture anarchism is lacking that strength and economic power which is necessary for it to act according to its principles. And just then syndicalism is too spineless, in many respects full of compromises and even corruption, so as to be unable to act for itself. While it thus deprives anarchism of its strength of action, syndicalism is incapable to act for it, by itself, in an anarchistic manner. It gives way to reaction and complies itself with the new reactionary regime.

3. Being separately built up, both organizations are incapable of co-joint action, in a time of great historical crisis, *in harmony with anarchism.* (This was best proven in Spain, July, 1936, where and when a co-joint action *not* in harmony with anarchism took place; while, for instance, 1922 in Italy, no co-joint action took place, to make a victory of fascism impossible.)

4. On the contrary, wherever we witness a separate organization of anarchism and syndicalism, we always also witness a great feud between these two organizations. The stronger such an "independent" syndicalism becomes, the more it resents the anarchistic influence and wishes, although entirely built up by the anarchist spirit, action and sacrifice, to "stand aloof" from anarchism, fighting against the autonomous anarchist organization. (Compare, for instance, Holland, but especially Germany, till 1932.)

Syndicalism has to be Within the Anarchist Organization

What is the cause of all this?

Nothing else than this: Syndicalism, as a self-sustaining economic action of the workers, anti-parliamentarianism, direct action, this can only thrive in a country where anarchism is widely spread and accepted by the workers. There it becomes—as in Spain—anarcho-syndicalism. But as such it must have its place, if it wants to remain true to its principles and elements, *within the anarchist organization.* Certainly, it should therein have its own, autonomous, field of

action and federation—but always within and conjointly with the anarchist organization. Because as soon as it steps out of it, it loses the marks of anarcho-syndicalism and becomes virtually the same as what trade-unionism is, a reformist organization.

As a non-anarchist organization syndicalism is, especially in those countries where it is weak, mostly incapable of carrying on a class-struggle against the employers' class. It combats the reformist syndicalist movement, but is itself unable to fight the capitalist class. (In Germany, the "anarcho-syndicalist" FAUD was "independently" organized from anarchism; it was, on the one side, combatting the Anarchist Federation, on the other side it adopted the purely reformist trade-union "tariff and collective agreement" between workers and employers, binding the workers for years not to struggle for a better livelihood.)

The Necessary Reorganization of Anarchism

The anarchistic movement faces, therefore, internationally the problem of reorganizing its forces upon this new basis:

All syndicalist organizations, if they wish to receive the special support—a general one is given to the entire labor movement—of and by anarchism, have to become an autonomous body within the *Universal Anarchist Federation* as far as the international basis of anarchism is concerned; all syndicalist organizations have to join, nationally, the language federation of anarchism within their respective country.

Anarchism gains thereby within its organization an economic basis and the lever for economic action. At the same time, syndicalism is prevented from falling into the sidetracks of reformism, practically rescued from an otherwise inevitable decay. Anarchism alone then is capable, in times of momentous situations, to save society from being cast into retrogradation and retrogression of reaction, to take up the struggle against it with economic means, not finding itself deserted by syndicalism, or drawn into the abyss of a compromise, which it might be forced to abide to already out of fear or otherwise: isolation and impotency. . . .

From this standpoint I regret it very much that the new structural platform of the FAI has not grasped this tremendously important matter at all, but leaves it at the old level, although it ought to have learned by the experience of past and present what a separated existence of anarchism and syndicalism means for both. Even in this respect the FAI offers nothing new, it continues the old tradition, which has failed woefully until now: for syndicalism if it wants to serve the aims of liberation; for anarchism, if it wants to be able to carry through the struggle for emancipation.

Conclusions

In a world and epoch, in which government shows itself in all its ruthless hideousness, there is no more important thought, no brighter and more inspiring beacon than the light of anarchism. It is one of the most tragic facts that it is, by the fault of some of its own adherents, far too little shining today, when most needed, in order to safeguard mankind from that perdition, meted out for it by authority and violence. Must we, as anarchists, look upon it as a very bad omen that anarchism is deserted by its own disciples to such an effect as to be deprived of its clarity, its veracity and its straight-forwardness?

Whosoever does not look upon mankind from a short-sighted, narrow-minded standpoint, will know why it is that mankind has until now to a very great extent lived its evolution through in wide circles, arriving ever and anon again at the starting point, instead of having made a definite step forward. If we study *Suoton*, the historian of ancient times, we shall be amazed how similar the condition of so-called "modern times" of civilized mankind is today to that what existed at about the 70s before Christ in ancient Rome. And the same causes, which have driven Germany in 1648 into thirty years of war, finishing with the entire devastation of the country, with dispopulation, dismemberment, desolation of people and country—these very same powers that be, namely governmentalism and churchism, are today driving the peoples and countries into the abyss of a second world war, which, if it is not prevented by the denial of obedience to all statesmen and politicians and military leaders, viz., to government and the state, if the anarchistic thought is not annihilating the principles of power, rule, authority, and thereby of violence, will be, after another futile sanguinary world-wide massacre, carnage and gas-poisoning and bomb-shelling, leading only to the repetition of the old circle of error, self-delusion and wastefulness, by not, once for all, abolishing the very roots of that institution, that means, ever again, hell on earth for mankind: governmentalism. Because this abolition alone is tantamount to the downfall of monopoly and violence, necessarily culminating in mass-slaughter for the sovereignity of power, authority.

Just for this very reason it is highly regrettable to observe that the most numerous movement of anarchism, that in Spain, has given itself a new structure whose elements and principles are very far from being in consonance with the real tenets of anarchism.

All true anarchists ought, therefore, to protest against this violation, perpetrated against the real, the so bright and lucid spirit of the anarchist idea. We must internationally combat the dark factors which have gained the upper hand over the anarchist movement in Spain, which are wilfully confounding and emaciating and perverting our aim and object. And we have to do this, so that our international movement remains true to its "raison d'etre," thereby also rescuing the FAI, so that she may soon again awaken from a horrible nightmare of suicide, morally and physically, of its entire, glorious history, and its still more glorious message for the future.

Pierre Ramus

ART AND BEAUTY

(From a Critic's Note-Book)

How many theories on Esthetics has man already developed! How many wise as well as foolish things have been written about beauty, about mutual relation of art and beauty! Yet we must always go back to its starting point, just as we do with every complicated subject. Let anyone who has devoted himself to the study of these problems in books and pamphlets—let him reflect how many times he already was within grasping the truth—just as if he were within reach of holding a captured starling in his closed fist—and felt with sheer delight the lively and warm pulsation of the ultimate truth (as one feels the warm life pulsating from a captive little bird), the result being the same as with the little bird: it either flew away or died in the captor's hand.

In elucidating on this cardinal subject matter I am not at all bent on reviewing my own or others' short-lived enthusiasm and bitter disappointments on this theme. Still less is my intention to invent new theories or new systems. Fortunately for me I do not possess the necessary qualifications, nor even the more essential faults that such system of thought-developing would require. I do not wish to aim for a truth that's carried on a bird's wings, to see it for a minute, and then lose it forever—I want to follow the bird into endless space, feel the impulse of its flight into a far-away land of freedom.

Beauty. There is no man that doesn't have the word on his tongue perhaps scores of times. And a word in which one thinks so often he surely knows its meaning! But this knowledge lasts so long until one is apt to query: What is beauty? Just as with the butterfly: as soon as you touch its feathers you destroy the beauty of its colors.

Beauty may be likened to our conception of morality: What is moral to one is immoral to another—be he a single person or a whole nation. On one thing, however, they all agree: the human specie possesses a sixth faculty, namely, a sense of morality—a faculty that weighs and measures all human behavior, and every one endeavors to sanction his own actions.

The same criterion is applicable to beauty. Because the conception of beauty is so divergent with individuals as well as with nations (and even every individual is influenced by seasonal and other circumstantial differences) does not prove that beauty in itself is a fiction; it only proves that beauty—like all significant things in life—is not bound to external forms, but owes her existence to origination in human sentiment.

* * *

People say: a beautiful sky, a beautiful book, a beautiful soul. In reality it all seems illogical, senseless: How can we apply the same name to such distant opposites as "sky" and "soul"? But the language, that wonderful invention of human ingenuity, has even in her deepest romanticism a deeper logic. The sky and the soul both could be beautiful, because their beauty is dependent on the impressive mood they call forth from us, and because beauty also resides in man's feeling, in man's state of mind.

A thing is beautiful, not because it is endowed with certain outer forms, or certain definite, matter-of-fact attributes—the outer forms as well as the factual attributes can appear beautiful to one and the opposite to the other—a thing or a situation is beautiful because it evokes a certain state of mind, because it awakens in us dreaming thoughts and longings, because it carries us away from the psychic robotism, which prevails upon us to grow up as automats in life's struggle. The outer forms of death in the electric chair are certainly the same for a Sacco-Vanzetti as for the kidnapper of Lindbergh's child. Yet the very same scene that evokes in our phantasies a feeling of disgust, of abhorence for the kidnapper, calls forth a feeling of exotic beauty—when we picture to ourselves the martyrdom Sacco-Vanzetti suffered by their death. Sacco-Vanzetti's inner world on the electric chair alters completely our human sentiments at this horrible act, and not what appears senseless and ugly in one aspect becomes nobly beautiful in the other. Not a feeling of revulsion do we nurture for the latter, but a feeling of admiration, of pride, of rebellious spirituality—of beauty.

* * *

And now we can very easily determine the contrasting relation between beauty and art.

Art and beauty are synonymous; art it beautiful, art which is not beautiful is not art. But this beauty does not consist of certain outer forms, or of certain once-and-for-all determined situations.

Must art be beautiful in form? Exactly. But that form-beauty also begins her existence in human sentiment. D'Annunzio's beautiful style of language influenced a large clientele of readers very repulsively (even before he turned Fascist) because he did not strike the path to their world, or, to be more specific: he could not bring out the change of form that beauty demands. On the other hand, did Dostoyefsky with his frigid, grey style, call forth a feeling of beauty, because of his moving us away with a tempestuous force from our daily routine of life, from our daily automativeness?

One of the by-gone esthetic theories can schemingly be expressed in this manner: A puddle of water in a mid-street appears very obnoxious to the eye, but the same puddle lifely painted on a canvas appears to us a beautiful masterpiece—and that is art.

Only one assurance must be added to this theory: if the artist succeeded to enliven in his art-puddle some impression that should attract our view, to penetrate—through his portals that lead to our soul—deeper; something that should awaken in us a longing a conscientious feeling that would tear us away from our mechanical equilibrium and cradle us into a peaceful slumber—in this instance even an art-puddle appears beautiful, just as the most beautiful woman can in real life or in art seem not beautiful in the true sense of beauty—if she is not convincing in this art.

I. Rapaport

(English version from the Jewish by Samuel Polinow.)

The State and Freedom

A feeling of being refreshed and free overcame me within the realms of Radicalism. Here reason ruled, here the glorious, starry heaven of Ideals expanded. But when I dared to be nothing but human, when all precepts became to me abominations, when the misery of the suppressed human brothers appeared more important than the abolition of the presidency, and even woman's suffrage—then the Doctor-in-chief Radicalism put in his appearance and told me, "You are sick, you must get used to my medicine, which is, — the irreligious free state". But history showed to me that all people have tried this remedy, that all republics have bred oppression as well as did the despotic governments and that in the best of states the citizen did not enjoy as much freedom as did the nomad of the desert or the barbarian of the German virgin forests; and finally, because in every government there are bred the rich, all governments must be overthrown. A state may perhaps be without religion, as can be seen in America, but never can it be free. Every commonwealth is of itself unwholesome, and doomed to corruption in which we find master-labor and servant-labor.

In consequence of this perception one can call me a Socialist or an Anarchist. But when my dear friends of any Ism come to me with their patent medicine that is good for everything than I am "not at home". Incurring a disordered stomach once, is just about enough. I beleive in the therapeutics of nature. My program of the future consists in very simple truths; When a barrack threatens to crash and endangers its inmates then it must be torn down; in any case will there be built a better structure. Or, when an operation seems to be the only possible salvation of a patient, then let us operate even if the sufferer were to die under the knife. Or, finally, when carrion taints the air, it must be removed; fresh air will soon appear there by itself . . .

Robert Reitzel

(English version by Carl Nold.)

(This is the last literary work that our late Comrade Carl Nold did for MAN!. Robert Reitzel was the editor of the "Armer Teufel" from which Comrade Nold made the above translation.—EDITOR.)

PRIVATE PROPERTY

Cities, factory windows, birds on wires:
Over public walks
Places of no trees, crippled employees
Under private works
Numerous, crushed in progress
Of machines. Our lives
Our rights, now, notice,
Less than property laws.

Scars that we are and shadows
In the hidden sun;
Smokestacks stuck in the heavens;
Motion of many seen.
Struggles like tenements, spectres, worries,
Coming before
Birth and casting our instincts,
Near and far.

Our stark life in poverty hovels
And streets, bearing all
Days with strain of torment,
Undermined and ill.
Grave ghosts of us pallid
In poison gas of cities beneath
God property; our lives
In America, nought.

VINCENT FERRINI

For the First Time Translated into English
DOES GOD EXIST?
By SEBASTIEN FAURE
Ten Cents Per Copy Obtainable through MAN!

ART and LITERATURE

(Shih Ming, born 1905, is the daughter of a wealthy Chinese land-owning family, one of the younger of eighteen children. In her family she was the first to revolt against "arranged marriage," defied tradition a second time by demanding a higher education and finally broke from her "lofty door" entirely, to live the life of an active revolutionist. Arrested in 1930 for leading a student demand for the release of political prisoners, she spent several months in prison.) —The Oriental Review

IN A CHINESE PRISON

During my sophomore year in a Peiping university, a wasteful war for military supremacy was being waged in North China. New taxes were levied. New soldiers were hired, as thousands lay naked and unburied on the battle-grounds. Other tens of thousands waited dumbly under the scorching summer sun for any purposeless bullet to single them out for death. We organized a movement against this cruel and useless slaughter. The lack of money, the inconvenience due to the necessity for secrecy, the martial law under which the city was disciplined during the fighting, all made our work more difficult, yet we were not to be hindered. I was in charge of the propaganda department.

Our preparations continued until August 1, International Day. We knew perfectly well what the consequences would be after our demonstration on that day—but nobody seems to have spent much thought on that. There were gathered together working men, rickshaw men, soldiers and others, but most of us were students. We had more than a hundred persons to go on the street. Before starting, we had a meeting in the Normal Education College. I noticed the presence of detectives. One of them had a big folded fan in his hand, and looked intently at each of our faces.

The demonstration began: we all walked out on the street. Suddenly everything before my eyes went white as my hair was caught in somebody's hand. I turned to look at this person. He was a tall Northerner, wearing a white jacket and trousers, and had a folded fan stuck into his collar. He was unloosing a rope from his waist. I sneered: "Why must you bind me? You are strong men. Can't you hold me without the help of a rope?"

He smiled, "All right, let's not bind her."

Then his partner on one side and he on the other each took hold of one of my hands and ran, dragging me along between them. We ran for almost four miles in the dusty streets in that long train of victims stumbling beside their captors. Finally, we arrived at the "Bureau of Public Safety."

In the Bureau we were "washed" to take away everything we had and sent into the detention house. The women's detention house consisted of a room no more than twenty feet long and about eight feet wide, divided into three parts by thin wooden columns. In each part there was a raised "k'ang" of earth and bricks, serving as the only furniture and bed in the place, and each k'ang had at least ten persons on it. I was put on the middle k'ang and ordered to sit with my legs folded under me.

At midnight bitter cries were heard. I knew that my comrades were undergoing torture. Bits of their high-pitched screams were distinguishable:

"What do you want me to say—"

Later I learned that many of the student's hands were badly torn from the torture, and that others had been made to kneel on iron chains with naked knees. Across the knees was placed a long piece of heavy wood. On each end of the wood stood a man rocking up and down like children playing see-saw. Then they burned the hands with cigarette ends or lighted incense sticks.

When my turn came I followed the policeman to the courtyard, wondering what it is that causes those in charge to try people in the night.

Before entering the court I had decided exactly what to say, but my replies were not satisfactory to the judge. He struck with a piece of wood upon the table and shouted at me: "Do you deceive me? I know who you are. I know everything you did at the University?"

"What did I do?" I asked.

"H'm some day you shall know. And if you keep on strutting your mouth, you shall soon know your fate. Did you hear your friends scream?"

I looked outside; in the darkness several heads of policemen were visible peering in at the window-pane.

"I say," he shouted to me again. "Won't you say something more than you have?"

"H'm, simply because you are a girl, I will spare you a beating this time. Take her back."

"No more, do what you please."

Our food consisted of three things: a salty vegetable, coarse cereal and water. The cereal was very dirty indeed and had a bad, wormy smell. I did not eat for four days.

On the sixteenth day, I was ordered to pack up my things. A rap of joy struck my heart. I thought I was to be free! But no, we were to be sent to the garrison. I began to give up all hope for myself.

Our cell in the garrison was about twenty feet long and twenty feet wide. There was no floor, only the damp uneven ground. There was no ceiling, only a rough-hewn roof. There was a door, and a small window. Eleven people were sitting on the ground covered with sheets of broken reeds.

We were absolutely without papers, book or writing materials. Every day we rose at five or six, breakfasted at eight, sometimes nine, and ate again at one or two o'clock. Then everything was finished. Occasionally, one went to trial but not often. We spent our time looking at one another and listening to one another's breathing or scolding. There were times when the soldier-guard stood close enough to the cell so we could talk to him. The watch was changed every two weeks, for the General was afraid that the soldiers might have some contact with the prisoners, especially the political ones, which would produce bad results. Every soldier had to stand eight hours every day, two hours for a turn. The soldiers' meals were even simpler than ours. They were allowed seven dollars per month, including food. Actually, if they got one dollar at the end of the whole month, they congratulated themselves. Often they could not bear the suffering and fled out of the regiment. If they were retaken their lives were worthless.

One rainy day when we were eating our oatmeal and salty vegetable inside the locked door, the guard, a boy-soldier, undernourished and bloodless, ran from his far-way post to take shelter under the eaves of our building. He lackadaisically rested his gun against the wall and looked at the gloomy sky without expression. Then he turned to look at our meal and manner of eating. He sighed.

"Have you had your supper?" I asked.

"No, not yet. What are you eating?"

"Oatmeal, salty vegetable and so-called soup."

"You are certainly far better off than we. All we get is coarse meal and water twice a day. We are prisoners just like you. You may be released some day, but there is no end for us."

"Have you father and mother?" I asked.

"We were on the edge of starvation. You can get nothing out of being a farmer. You must pay your head off in taxes, demands, collection. Now, I'd rather starve than be thus imprisoned and starved too."

On another day when the matron had unlocked the door and we were all out enjoying our one hour of walking about I sat with a newly arrived prisoner on the stone. Suddenly howling cries, together with the sound of whipping, were heard.

"Come here, Shih Ming," called the matron. "This is a very interesting sight."

I walked to where she stood. Far at the other end of the wide yard, two naked men were kneeling. They were being whipped in turn. Their hands, bound at the back, were hung up, their backs twisting likes snakes.

"A prisoner and a guard," said the matron. "Everyone who buys things for the prisoners secretly will be whipped together with the prisoner five hundred lashes."

I was tried three times. When I was called to the court three judges, military officers, sat at the long table. Two rows of soldiers were standing by with guns on their shoulders. Two unarmed soldiers and an old man, whose business was to torture the prisoner on trial, were standing before the table. I shall never forget the face of that old man. It was a whitish yellow mask absolutely without expression. The eyes were utterly cold. These professional torturers are trained from childhood to live their entire lives with the sounds of human anguish in their ears.

"Shih Ming," said one of the judges, "we know that you are an innocent girl and that you have been cheated by somebody. Just speak out the truth and we will release you immediately. Who told you to go to the meeting at the Normal College?"

"I went there myself."

"Why, trying to be loyal!" Then with a fearful shout, "Speak, everything!"

"Nothing."

"All right." And he turned to the old man. "Beat her!"

After I do not know how many lashes upon my hand, the judge asked again, "Who went with you?"

"I went there myself."

Blows continued to rain down rhythmically. My hand turned purple. Both hands were beaten alternately, and finally I grew weak and dizzy with pain. Two soldiers held me by the waist so I could not fall.

"I have nothing to say, do whatever you like. I am here and when I came I had no hope of leaving the garrison alive. The numbers of workers and students you have tortured to death and executed is well known to me. What any one of them has suffered I can also bear."

"Whip her back with the leather strap."

But one of the judges reminded the group that it was twelve o'clock.

"You have denied us this time, but we shall meet this afternoon or tomorrow: anyway you shall say what we want soon." And they left for lunch.

I was sent back to the cell with both hands lacerated and useless for a long time.

Then I had a great piece of luck. I a few days the army of one general was defeated and his whole military administration forced to flee. The entire garrison packed their things hastily and every one of us were permitted to go free. This is frequently the procedure during a change of war lords, and the outgoing regime is not sorry to free the political prisoners, hoping they will cause new trouble for their victorious enemies.

Shih Ming

SUNDAY SERVICES AT EIGHT

Clock tick-tocks rhythm, important hurried rhythm
to the two entwined like a bas-relief on its book end,
the NBC network broadcasting Toscanini
(Maestro! maestro! not so damn long on the tremolos!)
and to the Sunday evening sermon
Long
portentous
horsey.
The Devil in a black coat
finds the text with languid ease
And let us pray.
Oh proud Devil on the prolonged syllable
mellifluent Greek which means this!
or that, and the exact quotations
bursting like rockets on the high-backed pews,

I the Devil am a harpist
on harp with 98 strings (last Sunday was only 82)
and I the Devil sweep with resonant claws
(Until the soul stands on the unprinted hill
in the first morning with the green leaves still)
and I the Devil go this way, thataway—
wail, harp, wail
(And the damned soul looked down, and it was night;
and the damned soul looked up. Turn off the light).
The Devil flexed his knees;
he spread his legs and the white lilies
on the altar cover were blacked out.
The Devil raised his hands and pulled down stars
to throw like copper pieces at
The patient, the harassed, the innocents
and started to pull down the sun
when he saw his watch
on a page of Genesis
(Tick-tock! Tick-tock!)
Loath to release these strings which gave me fever
in a great emptiness; I playing
to an empty gallery.
Sound, God damn you! sound
music of the taut alloy under the never-ending arc!
Amen. God bless you. Hymn-uh-28:
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

LLEWELLYN AP RHYS

CHINA'S DESTINY

China!
Your broken body lies on the pyre of conquest,
writhing in the flames your own valiance
dooms you to endure;
Lest that which you prize more highly than self,
perish,
and you not with it.

The nations watch with horror,
and wait the fearful denouement;
And none dare rescue,
Who might have prevented.

Only the God of miracles can save you now!

Yet from the ash of cities razed,
From the charred heap of bones,
Still shall rise the living flame of your soul
to belie your ruins
and refute your fall.

You were not born of the primal dust,
A civilization, not flawless, but enduring;
Built on stern and humble precepts
of the scholarly mind,
the broad, the deep vision;
Disintregral,
Yet knit by a common current of kinship,
to be utterly devoured in the maw of conquest,
to be utterly degraded,
utterly broken.

Destiny's inexorable hand
shall lift your spirit-sword,
annealed to a higher degree,
from the ashes of disaster,
and with the swift finality of lightning
Strike to avenge and to purge!

Where a civilization has flowered,
Earth has dreamed greatly
and borne in suffering;
Nor forgets her dreaming.
nor her creating;
But quietly hoards the rain of blood
to nourish roots too deep for blasting
and seeds pregnant with resurgence.

KATHARINE WILLIS

THE RETURN OF THE VANDALS

Why should Spain's green fields of beauty
Be watered by our brothers' blood?
Merciless, mistaken duty (?)
Trampling humans in deep red mud.
Smug politicians voice command,
While Hunger, rampant, strikes at will,
And Spanish guns crash over land,
The curse of Satan to fulfill!
Faith and Hope are an idle word,
While ruthless Hell alone is heard!

DOROTHY FAY

(Written especially for MAN!)

• • •

NAZISM

The dark of ages closes 'round to stem
The mind in vicious reign of sullen rule.
The sun turns bloody in the sky and rains
A flood of spitting hell from witches' brews.
And numbing giants roam the brain and soar
Through arcs of scalding heat to black despair
While gloom entombs the mind to solitude.

ARNOLD BATES CARRROL

TOM KEELL

(1867-1938)

In the death of Tom Keell on June 26, the English-speaking anarchist movement lost a sincere and devoted worker and one whose death conjures up long, almost forgotten memories.

It is forty or more years since we met in Trafalgar Square at a meeting in which probably because I came from America, "land of milk and honey," I was invited to take part. After the meeting, Keell, then secretary of the Peckham branch of the Independent Labor Party, invited me to talk to his group on conditions in America—rather a big subject for a boy in his early twenties. In that talk I spoke of Thoreau, who had thrilled me as he has countless others; later Keell told me that it was his reading of that most original of all American minds that changed his line of thinking and eventually brought him to our movement.

We became friendly with the members of Freedom Group and when, several years later, Tom Cantwell, compositor of "Freedom" and devoted member of the group, was stricken with apoplexy, Alf. Marsh, the editor, asked Keell to take Cantwell's place. Tom cheerfully gave up a steady job on an old and long-established weekly for the uncertain but thrilling task of working on an anarchist paper which lived—as such papers always do—from hand to mouth.

Marsh and Keell worked together for twelve or thirteen years, or until the very eve of the World War, when Marsh died. Keell said later that Marsh had practically turned over the editing of the paper to him several years before and so after Marsh's death he continued in the triple capacity of editor, publisher and printer. He also published pamphlets from time to time carrying on the work he had done for years.

With the coming of the war there developed a sharp difference of opinion in Freedom Group which resulted in a split that left Keell alone of the old guard, and a few of the younger comrades, with the paper. Marsh had died; Kropotkin, V. and Freda Tcherkesov, Turner, Wess and probably Tchaykovsky favored the Allies and Nettlau the Germanic side, but Keell neither, remaining anti-war at all times.

Ten or more years ago Keell retired on a pension from his union of about ten dollars a week and went to live at Whiteway Colony in the Cotswold Hills not far from Gloucester. There he carried on his work as best he could publishing first a small paper called "Freedom Bulletin"—I think it was—until "Spain and the World" was launched and he worked for it until he died.

Keel's stand was really a harder one to take than the others'. He went to jail for his agitation against war and never faltered in the face of a nation that was war-mad. A simple man who made no pretensions but went his way and lived his life according to the principles he advocated and believed in. To believe in a high ideal and to live and work for it to the best of one's own ability is the least and most that can be said for Tom Keell. More would be superfluous.

Harry Kelly

* * *

With the passing of Tom Keell goes one of the most prominent links with the active and enthusiastic period of the English libertarian movement. The London Freedom Group had been founded in the 90's around the personality of Kropotkin, who had made England his home after adventures with the prisons and police of half Europe, and despite the difficulties of all anti-state activity, its paper "Freedom" remained a glowing torch of unique literary standard for over 30 years—a remarkable life for this type of periodical. During the early years of the century, at a time of particular hardship, it was lucky to enlist the sympathy of Alfred Marsh, son of a prosperous brush manufacturer, who became nominal editor, and from then Tom Keell, who had joined the "staff" as compositor some time before, and had done most of the practical work, gradually took on duties of publishing, accounting, editing, distributing, writing the excellent "Notes of the day" and finally running the whole paper "Freedom" as is bound to happen to an efficient man who is always "on the job" and willing to work and to take responsibility. The practical problems of "committee editing" were burden enough: the tragedy of the group schism brought about by alignment towards the war fever and Russian affairs are even now hardly forgotten; and the fact that a paper with such a policy could be kept alive through the war period was itself a miracle. In all this Tom took a consistent, an honorable, an uncompromising line of anti-state, anti-government, anti-war activity, and though it may be human nature to rail at one who stayed on the right path whilst others strayed, it is very difficult to find in his record much to criticize.

With the post-war slump and general world disillusionment, the wave of activity and interest in Anarchism (essentially international) fell considerably, and by the time he had decided to retire to the country with his sympathetic comrade of many years, Lilian Wolfe, there was no responsible group to whom he felt justified in handing over. The press was dismantled and sold, bills all paid, and Tom retired to Whiteway Colony, which has had its place for some years in the history of Utopian Colony experiments. Having little urge towards journalism (his memoirs would have been fascinating), he confined himself to keeping in touch with affairs, a periodical visit to his friends in London, and remaining, with the help of the old "Bomb Shop" (Henderson's of Charing Cross Road) and that independent personality, Charles Lahr, the representative, more or less, of the tiny stream of English libertarian literature.

Can I get a Kropotkin pamphlet anywhere? Ask Tom Keell. Is "Man!" available here without writing to the United States? Write to Tom Keell. Does anyone know anything about the Spanish anarchists before the war? See if Tom Keell can help you—and so on—until the Spanish war brought Anarchism again into world politics, attracted new blood, and found him willing to help as publisher and distributor of "Spain and the World." His firm, neat handwriting on the wrappers to the day of his death remain our last contact with him.

When I first came to London I had 14/7½d, a suitcase and need of a job. On the third day, having found a room and started personal affairs rolling, I put in my pocket my copy of "Freedom," picked up if I remember, at an Emma Goldman meeting in Manchester, and stood at half past four on a Saturday afternoon at the back door of 127 Ossulston Street. "Hello!"—a tall grey-bearded man at the top of a dark ricketty staircase. "Are you Mr. Keell?" "I am." "Can I have a few words with you?" "Come upstairs," and a man sat on a packing case eating bread and cheese sandwiches, drinking tea and handing out information in a small tidy room under the roof and crowded with its hand-press, type fonts with which he proceeded later to do conjuring tricks all the time he was talking, one chair plus me, neat piles of literature and two rows of his personal books. Trained to look for a good critical study of a new subject, it did not take me long to discover that I wanted an "Eltzbacher." "Nothing doing, my boy," said Tom. "Apart from pure luck, you're 20 years too late—but if you can read French there's a translation still in print published by so and so"—and from then the twelve years to his death are covered, with some interruptions, by letters, purchases of books and papers, visits to London, meetings at Whiteway and talks!—talks of the past, before my time, talks of the days of Kropotkin and Malatesta in the office and of their personalities; of the coming of the released Spanish prisoners, tortured in Montjuich prison, of their scarred backs and of Tarrida del Marmol; of the public outcry at the Ferrer execution; of printing and other help to Mrs. Pankhurst and the Women's Suffrage Movement when they were raided by Liberal governments; of illegal pamphlets against war and conscription left in busses and other public places; of Scotland Yard officials and how to deal with them; of useful help with correspondence and propaganda for Emma Goldman's lecture campaigns; of that extraordinary short-lived genius "George Barrett" who could not be replaced; of that fine personality, Wm. C. Owen, and of Edward Carpenter, who meant so much to many a pre-war youth; of Whiteway itself, originally founded by a group of Tolstoyans, and of the colorful individualist personalities it has attracted since; of Irish politics, labor, enthusiasm and martyrdom; of George Lansbury, the red "Daily Herald" days, the Miracle of Fleet Street, and the brave days when "Many of us were 21, light of heart, lighter of pocket, but full of ideals" and met at the Minerva Rooms in Silver Street, at the International Restaurant in Denmark Street, or at the Emily Davison Club.

And what good did all the talking do? Well, it kept the torch alive and has handed it on.

From a Correspondent*

*The above manuscript was forwarded to MAN! by a comrade from England who writes: "In enclose on behalf of his companion (Lilian G. Wolfe) an appreciation of him (Tom Keell) and his work. . . ."

We are glad to publish this appreciation. Alongside with the one of Comrade Harry Kelly's, it completes a more vivid description of Tom Keell.—Editor.

Two Appreciations

SOME CONTRADICTIONS

In "Challenge" of May 7th, 1938, we read:

But any policy that the government adopts will be for the "welfare of the nation", i. e. for those who own the "nation" . . . . We have got to take care for ourselves (as workers). AND WE CAN ONLY DO THAT IF WE AGREE NOT TO MARCH TO MURDER FOR ANY GOVERNMENT IN THE WORLD.

Thus we read in the above number of "Challenge" on PAGE 1. And while we do not like the title of this article, as it reads "No more capitalist war," while we, as anarchists, argue against this bolshevik slogan that all wars at present necessarily must be capitalist wars, as every war needs an armory-industry and outside of capitalism there cannot be any such industry—nevertheless, with the conclusions of the article, as quoted above, we heartily concur.

But what do we read on PAGE 4 of the same number of "Challenge" in an article by Arnold Roller on the subject of a fantastic "FRANCE'S end will follow in its betrayal of Spain"? We read the following thoughts:

France has meekly submitted to more provocations and breaches of treaties by the fascist powers than perhaps in all its history . . . . When France betrayed its natural ally, republican, liberal Spain, by refusing to send the arms and supplies . . . By the way, it can be said that even the defeat of republican Spain will be one of the most heroic stands in the history of the world. Here the WORKING CLASS of a small and poor country organized in ITS POWERFUL UNIONS, imbued with the spirit of freedom and equality, resisted the hostility of all the great powers for two years.

Exactly the same line of thought is expressed by the whole "communist" press in France, by the various Trotsky-sheets, and by the Third and would-be Fourth International of Marxism. Without attempting refutation, we simply again quote "Challenge" of PAGE 1, where one can read the refutation in these exactly correct words:

"That's why we can't understand why any worker should worry about the foreign policy of "his" government. If we haven't a country, we (as workers) haven't a government. And if we haven't a government, WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A POLICY FOR A GOVERNMENT THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT."

It would, we hope, be ludicrous to assume that both articles in the "Challenge" have been written by one and the same writer. Anyhow, we challenge anyone to prove to us that the article on PAGE 1 is written in the same spirit as the article by Arnold Roller on PAGE 4. The article on PAGE 1 is anarchistic and justifies our reasoning as anarchists. It would be interesting to know from what standpoint the article by Arnold Roller is written. From that of anarchism surely not. But then it is worth questioning in whose interest it was to lodge it in a journal that purports to be serving the anarchist cause?

George Popoff

Brooklyn, New York

Play and Dance

for

MAN!

Sunday, October 9, at 6 p. m.

Galilei Club, 118 Cook Street

Arranged by the Youth Group

Our group will present a play dealing with the World War. Music by a popular orchestra will follow.

OUR FRIENDS' RESPONSE

The letter that was included in each copy of the last issue has met with a response that can but gladden the hearts of all those who wish to see MAN! live and carry on in its life-mission in behalf of our ideal. As the financial statement below shows, the huge deficit has been wiped out. With such staunch support, as evidenced by the Groups, comrades and sympathizers, the life of MAN!, and its regular monthly appearance is assured.

All our friends will be equally as glad to learn that the circulation of MAN! has constantly been on the increase—since the Government's campaign of persecution. Especially is the increase noticeable in the many new places where MAN! is now on sale here and also in England. This widespread growth has necessitated to advance the date of publication so that it should be more timely. Henceforth, MAN! will therefore be issued at the end of each month, carrying the date of the ensuing month.

The beginning of this change takes place with the present issue. We are omitting the September issue and instead are issuing at the same usual time of publication, the October issue.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

INCOME: New York Picnic for MAN! (See detailed report below)—$67.00; Detroit List—$15.00; H. Aquelante (on List)—12.00; Il Circola di Emancipazione Sociale, Phila., (share of affair)—$10.00; Pittston (share of affair)—$10.00; Radical Library, Phila., (share of affair)—$7.00; Circolo Di Culturo Operaio, New Haven—$6.00; Youngstown List—$5.35; Grupo Nueva Era, Langeloth—$5.00; Libertarian Group, Allentown (on List)—$3.50; Share of affair, Avella—$2.63 and on List $2.37; Five Dollars—John Ducheck, Bolton Hall; Celia Goldberg (newspaper sale),—$4.50; Three Dollars: G. Borrow (newspaper sale), G. Scarrone; E. Michaels, London, Eng., (newspaper sale)—$2.45; Jack O'Dell—$2.50; Two Dollars—D. Lapena, G. Acornero, Atteo Bruzio, Frank Russo, Radical Library, Phila., Julia A. Nielson, Alice Park, Pete Nielson, Henry Van der Meer; One Dollar—A. L. Martinguago, H. Williams, S. Polinow, Jules Scarceriaux, M. Metzkow, J. Contratto, Nicholas Leone, R. B. Garcia, J. Silverstein, S. Medinich, Steven T. Byington, Nathan Simons, Mike Bisceglia, H. Mathews, Fanya Kruger, S. C.; H. Foucher—.50. TOTAL: $205.30.

EXPENDITURES	$110.48
DEFICIT	96.40
	$206.83
Cash on Hand	205.30
DEFICIT	$ 1.53

Report of New York Picnic

The following is a report of the picnic held for the benefit of MAN! on August 21, by the Youth Group of Brooklyn, in collaboration with the Circolo Volonta, the Bronx Group, Gruppo Berneri and the comrades of Coytesville.

Income	$101.49
Expenditures	38.59
	$ 62.90

Additional Contributions: Ciminieri—$1.60; Polizotto—$1.00; A. Roche—$1.00; A Comrade—.50.

TOTAL PROFIT — $67.00.

Dinner and Dance for "Challenge"

A dinner and dance has been arranged for the "Challenge", Saturday night, October 15, 1938, at the Libertarian Center, 229 Avenue A (Corner 14th St.), New York City. Tickets — One Dollar.

Correct Address of "Forgotten Women" Publisher

The correct address of the publisher of "Forgotten Women" is: Boise Pub. Co., Middleton, Idaho, and not Ohio as it appeared in the notice of the July issue.